

A Pleasant new Ditty called the new, So Ho.  
To a pleasant new Tune.



Come let our sports with our songs be re-  
vnto the ample fieldes: (nownd,  
Our crops in the blood of Neptune be dynted  
That merry Nectar yelds,  
Graced be the Sun, as he  
Sainfes the modest Moone,  
When he leanes the earth below:  
And the grace to the starrs in chace,  
That with him were bozne,  
To a new so ho, so ho.

Health to the Muse and the Muses of the  
that our delights befriend: (mountains,  
Fortune to pan, and the stumps of the Moun-  
that our flocks defend taines,  
Life and blood to the Cypress wood,  
That was a hunter young:  
When he first in Groves did grow.  
And a shower, to the Purple flower,  
That from Adonis sprung,  
When he fight his last so ho, so ho.

If that the Lord of Olympus had ever  
hunting truly knowne,  
Ioue in the Web of his Mistis had neuer  
injury done vnto none,  
Tryton oul, to the foyled moul,   
Would the wanton Dolphin straine,  
and the foyle some did forgoe:  
And the said, oul timelesse God,  
Recall past bowers againe,  
To a new so ho, so ho.

Oft would it cost folly Hermis a Iourney  
to run over the race:  
Mars in his course would as well in a turney  
win Zepharies grace:  
Smiles of Rumpse with horses bones:  
Shodde with a golden Pen,  
would amaze the earth below:  
And the Boy, both oft Ioy,  
To shake his nimble heeles,  
To a new so ho, so ho,

Pan to himselfe, like a woman delighted,  
is to himselfe a foe:  
Seld he that loues, with the shade that befrigh-  
and out of wealth drinks woe, (ted  
He that pleasure loues with measure,  
Lives with a friend combin'd,  
and effects no glistering show:  
He drinks in the Hornes Unicorne,  
And daily feastes his mind,  
To a new so ho, so ho.

Slaves to the World, shall be waht with the  
of eternall Care: (Billows,  
Serrile to Loe shall be crownd with the wil-  
of deceitfull feare, (lowes,  
Tunes his mones to dumptish Drones,  
An a telous life consumed,  
in the song and sighes of woe:  
While away, we spend the day,  
With a lassy Pean tune:  
To a new so ho, so ho.

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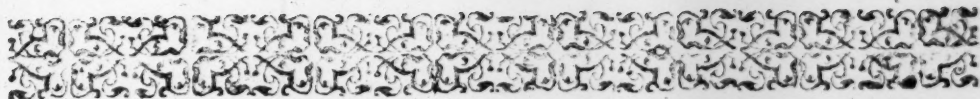
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Tryton ould, to the foyled moults,  
Would the wanton Dolphin straine,  
and the foyle some did forgoe:  
And the said, ould timelesse God,  
Recall past bowers againe,  
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to run over the race:  
Mars in his course would as well in a turney  
win Zepharies grace:  
Smiles of Rumpse with horses bones:  
Shodde with a golden Pen,  
would amaze the earth below:  
And the Boy, both oft toy,  
To shake his nimble heeles,  
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The second part.

To the same tune.



**H**eroes belov'd kinde Leander,  
had his delight been woone,  
Then should his life have felt no danger,  
in Helispontus floods  
Didoes heart by Cupids dart  
Had not burn'd so with fire,  
as louers use to doe:  
Whofull Queene that still was seene  
Consuming with desire,  
To a new so ho, so ho.

Oh then what Angels were faire women,  
if Angels could not buy them,  
Their beauties that be both bright and golden,  
daines to many nye them,  
Fayned eyes shewes in their eyes,  
Like Aprill springing showers,  
that fante woods might grow,  
Folish then we loue like men,  
That haue no feeling powers,  
To leaue their new so ho, &c.

Youth if it was with age aduised,  
women weare no woies to men,  
The world then Denine and purely priz'd,  
would be Paradise agen,  
Betwixt booke if we oze loke,  
The leaues we shall finde tozne,  
and the mergent fild with woie,  
Youths delight so faire and bright  
A moments time hath woine,  
To a new so ho, so ho.

All our desires are fading pleasures,  
and but minuts of content,  
It stings with vs lik walking treasures,  
no sooner gain'd but spent,  
Yeare of sorrow, we still borrow,  
But for one minuts ioy,  
returning tribble woie:  
Delightfull bubbles change to troubles  
Do feede vs with annoy,  
To a new so ho, so ho.

Han by his shape is the stampe of heauen  
plast on the earth as king,  
The world vnto him for a Court is giuen  
to rule each liuing thing:  
Beauties blazing is our gazing,  
That sweete belov'd tree,  
where fading follies grow,  
A winding Hate and Coffin mate,  
More fitter for vs be.  
Then the new so ho, so ho.

**FIN IS.**

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